The Washington Times . . . · · · Publishing Company

General Manager: H. J. BROWNE; Editor: MARSHALL CUSHING: City Editor: EMORY FOSTER Office: HUTCHINS BUILDING, CORNER TENTH AND D STREETS NORTHWI

Telephone 337. Price, Daily Edition..... One Cen Sunday Edition ...... Five Cents By carriers, by the week ..... Ten Cents.

WASHINGTON, D. C., MARCH 19, 1894.

IT IS LIABLE TO CALL NAMES. THE TIMES is not yet informed exactly where the blame, or all of it, lies in the matter of this latest trolley accident. If fenders should be applied to the trolley cars, they shall be. If the motorman is to blame, he shall be exposed and ridden out. If it is officials of the road, they shall be attacked and interfered with. We have been accustomed to stand too idly by and wonder where a public trouble is and where the blame. We have not tried to lay the real facts and the true facts before the public scorn. THE TIMES intends to look into this trolley business. It is liable to call names.

WE BOW AND BLUSH. It was kind of the Potter Printing Press Company of New York and of the Evening Star Newspaper Company, and especially of its treasurer, Mr. Frank B. Noyes, to allow this journal, pressed as it was in the rush of a new enterprise, to begin without delay the use of its own immense Potter press still remaining in the pressroom of the Star. Others have been generous, too. Others are generous still, as witness in this issue dozens of good opinions of THE TIMES. There was ever a sense of gratitude stronger, never a determination stronger, to justify a most exacting and loyal expectation than that THE Times and all its people feel this morning.

THE TIMES AN ARENA.

In conformity with its original purpose THE TIMES opens its columns to a serious and free discussion of all questions of public moment; opens them to men and women, eminent as authoritities upon topics of lifelong study possibly; opens them, as well, to persons unknown perhaps, but none the less sincere and earnest. Yesterday The Times presented a monograph by the Treasurer of the United States, Mr. Morgan, upon "Banks and their uses." This morning we print the views of Associate Justice Clarke, of North Caro lina, upon the postal telegraph question. This morning, also, the kicker makes his bow and what a restless, pleasant soul he is! We shall solicit from our distinguished friends articles of value and interest, not only to our readers, but, as we believe, to thoughtful people all over the country. We also solicit the contribution of the kicker. He, too, may have his valuable notions.

ANSON OUGHT TO HAVE IT.

It is not "Babe" Anson, it is not the "old man," who is referred to in the caption of this Delphic editorial utterance. It is the father of "Babe." the father of the "old man." The younger Anson, alias the "old man," is such a famous and wonderful ball-player that he has sometimes been considered all of the baseball players of this country combined. It is not be, however, who wants the post office in Marshailtown, in Iowa. He wants it for his father. He has seen Mr. Bissell about it; and Mr. Anson is himself a good man, weighing 215 pounds. He has also seen the President about it; and once in the previous reign-or it may have been in this-Mr. Cleveland grasped the world-known diamond king of Chicago by the hand and told him that it was a great game that he was putting up, and that he must surely have a lead-pipe cinch upon the first place before the season was half over. These sympathetic remarks suffleiently illustrated the royal sympathy. Mr. Anson has not presumed upon that favor, but he is confident that those personal relations which he has established so long ago with the President ought to entitle the "old man's" old man to the post office at Marshalltown, in Iowa, or else to something equally as good, Let it be so; let it be so. Let Mr. Anson's old gentleman have the post office, and let him have it right away.

HITS-OR MISSES.

Four thousand proprietors of the new morning daily saw the first copy of it yesterday, and they liked it.

Editor Gibson might better have started a bank of his own if he wanted to overdraw.

Mrs. White might get some of that blood on her hands and be as uncomfortable as Lady Macbeth was on a memorable occasion.

Burnham-You lie. Carlisle-You go to THE TIMES is two or three times as small

as some other papers, but it contains two or three times as much, Hon, Amos J. Cummings was unquestion-

Day Irishmen. THE TIMES found its way into every home in Washington yesterday. It will stay in most

John V. McKane doubtless wishes that it

had been one of Mr. Evarts' sentences instead. Mr. Leiter seems still to be able success fully to bid persons of importance to his din-

It is much better that Mr. Justice Brown should referee a debating match, or even a ball game, than to make too many speeches

THE TIMES distributes no shares of mining stock and booms no Maryland gold mines, either, and it is pretty careful about its medical ads

The second Mrs. Tanqueray might find inspiration, gentility, and naturalness at the

Pollard-Breckinridge trial. Admiral O'Farrell, of the Virginia navy, had better come on deck, mount the poop,

draw his cutlass, and tell the oyster pirates

There is no paid advertising in this column.

The bloody Britishers at Bluefields had better look out for Benham.

Why not erect a monument to the father of the Father of his Country also? Minister Porter has no idea how warm Mr.

Harris, of Tennessee, is keeping that senstorial seat of his. Good morning, Mr. Adial Stevenson. How

United States. His monumental modesty is only equaled by the colossal certainty that he will get both jobs at once.

Read Mr. Kent's sermon yesterday? We pay attention to the pulpit and believe in all the good things.

Hon. John H. Oberly writes about the "Pollard-Breckinridge nastiness," and there is no question that he is deeply shocked.

Perhaps President Cleveland is going to nake Mr. Bland a present of the pen with which he will not sign the seignlorage bill. A PHASE OF THE POSTAL TELEGRAPH.

When cheaper postage BY AN and a uniform rate were SSOCIATE JUSTICE demonstrated to be advan OF THE tageous by the example of SUPREME COURT the English post office under Sir Rowland Hill

Congress promptly applied NORTH CAROLINA. the same in our own postal service. In like manner followed the use of postage stamps, the introduction of free delivery into cities, the adoption of the moneyorder system, the issuance of postal notes, and many other improvements in the handling and distribution of the mail. None of these things were dreamed of by the framers of the Constitution. They were details wisely left to be worked out by the progress and intelligence of succeeding generations. When our post office was first inaugurated mails stances, by mail coaches, When steam was introduced the post office promptly availed itself of the new agency. In fact, every appliance and every improvement to facilitate the social and business intercourse of the public has been laid hands on, and been made subservient to that purpose save one. Why the Department has seen forced to stand still in the presence of for that purpose, and, after having availed itself of the potent energies of steam, has refrained from the use of the more potent agency of electricity, is well known to all men,

It has not failed to adopt them because it is unconstitutional to do so. That is too plain for argument. It would be easy to fill pages with citations of legal authorities showing its constitutionality. Indeed, it could be better aid that it is unconstitutional for the government not to adopt them for the purpose of giving the people the best and cheapest and speediest postal facilities which the most improved methods known to science can afford. The clause of the Constitution is understood to be mandatory upon the national government to establish and maintain a proper postal service, since, in the face of that provision, neither states nor private ompanies can do so. Besides, the first telegraph established was, in fact, a part of our post office; and its continuance as such, at a me when the government was in the hands of strict constructionists, was recommended by Hon. Cave Johnson, the then Postmaster General. This wise recommendation was not acceded to, simply because Congress, not foreseeing the value and importance of the invention, deemed the price asked by the inventor too great, and in an evil hour permitted this great agency to pass into private ands. The public interests, the popular will, and the constitutional provision, all alike require its restoration to its original function as a part of an enlightened and progressive

Nor can it be said that it would be an experiment. Every civilized country, with the sole exception of ours, has long since made the telegraph a part of its postal service, and in all it has worked satisfactorily. The rates in Great Britain and Ireland are, like postage, uniform for all distances and are 1 cent per word. In Germany the rate is about the same, and in Austria less. In France and Belgium the rate is under 10 cents (half a franc) for ten words between any two points. No department of the post office in any country pays better than the telegraph. In most countries the telephone, too, has been added, It is very certain that the telegraph and the telephone, as parts of our postal service, would not only wonderfully improve the means of intercourse, but it is believed that a very cheapuniform rate-probably 5 cents a messagewould pay a handsome revenue to the gov-WALTER CLARK.

TRYING IT OUT OF COURT.

It has been stated during the progress of the Breckinridge-Pollard trial by a certain person-or persons-unknown, but who, we are assured, is-or are-on terms of intimacy and confidence with Col. Breekinridge, first that his lawyers would undoubtedly rest their case on a plea of self-defense, later that there is really no case whatever because Breckinridge was married firmly, if secretly, to another woman when the alleged promises of marriage were made, and finally that Miss Pollard's case is well-nigh hopeless, for the quite sufficient reasons that there were no promises of marriage whatever; that Miss Pollard's children were not the Colonel's, and that really the Colonel was not the initial cause of Miss Pollard's downfall. We may thus choose any of three quite interestin theories, it does not seem to matter which, but it appears quite evident that this un-known friend or friends very much desires, or desire, us to believe one of them, or per-haps all, if we can,

The unenlightened public who are not intimate and confidential friends of the defendably the most eloquent of all the St. Patrick's ant can only make utterly unwarrantable surmises as to the reason for this outside trying of his side before it comes up in court. One of these has, of course, been that Col. Breekinridge's lawyers are whistling. No one ha the right to think that these doughty Ken tucky gentiemen are frightened and need something to keep up their spirits. No one ought for a moment to think that these state-ments that the colone's reputation cannot suffer, that he is sure of re-election, that the case is certain to go his way, are a result of a wish on his part and his lawyer's part that he and they might themselves believe them. But just such statements have been made be-fore with just such reasons. It seems lament-ably certain that the sympathies of the average follower of the trial are veering hope-lessly in the opposite direction, and it is so hard to try a case against unanimous and strong public sentiment that one can't blame the colonel's unknown but intimate friends for doing all that they can to change this,

The trouble with the first theory of defense when it was tried on the people was that it didn't seem quite the right thing for a Kentucky colonel to plead the fear of a woman Naturally the defense, when it saw this, did not want an unpopular theory. The second is not yet decided on, it seems. Possibly, if Col. Breckinridge was married when he made all those promises, they were of no account, and were simply to deceive Miss Poliard into a belief in his worthiness of trust. There may be no ground for a suit whatever in such a small matter as that. But it seems more recently to be established by a preponderance of the authorities that the promise to marry made by a married man furnished ground for a breach of promise action in case it is accepted in good faith by the other party, who is ignorant of his legal disability to fulfill the contract. Moreover, in another direction there is the unpleasant circumstances, which the colonel's unknown friend did not at first think of apparently, that if he were thus intimate with Miss Pollard after his marriage, Mrs. Breekinridge would seem to have strong grounde for convince. all those promises, they were of no account, Mrs. Breekinridge would seem to have strong grounds for complaint. This fact having been developed, the third line of defense is do you like The Trees.

John M. Langston says he would like to be governor of Virginia or President of the

not number themselves among his friends must view with a taint of suspicion, however unwilling, the attempt at the refutation of almost innumerable witnesses by a simple statement that they will be refuted. It is in this uncertain and undesirable frame of mind that the common people are waiting for the trial to proceed.

Meanwhile, of course, other stories and umors must circulate and other comment must be agitated. Some one wants to know why a certain Rev. Dr. Paxton, of large repuation in New York, should have made him self liable to arrest by not recording that secret marriage in all these months, when the law is explicit in requiring it done within the law is explicit in requiring it done within ten days. Certainly if this marriage really did occur as stated a large amount of trouble and suffering on Miss Pollard's part might have been prevented by such a compliance. One sample gauzy rumor, people have been known to insinuate that the colonel had other fears than these of an assault from Miss Pollard during all this troublesome time of theirs; that in fact, being a gay gentleman, he had fixed himself between two locked horns of a bad dilemma, and that his subsequent course, resulting in this trial, was his choice of perhaps the lesser of the two evils. People even point out that Miss Pollard didn't have any gentleman friends with ready guns as Mrs.

gentleman friends with ready guns as Mrs. Wing certainly had.

People point out this and point out other things, rather maliciously, perhaps, and seem to take a delight in doing it. You can hardly blame them. Miss Pollard's is a remarkable story as far as told, and as cannot be told in the evidence, but must be inferred. The trial cannot bring out in nearly their true color the calculating coolness, the absence of paswere carried on horseback or, in a few in- sion as a motive, the moral force, if not the physical force, that the man used, his cruelty when he had accomplished his purpose, that are parts of the story. But people will think of the them, nevertheless, and rather hope that Mr. Carlisle or some other one of Miss Pollard's lawyers may be sufficiently eloquent in expressing the lot that they feel ought to

The mystery of the defense will undoubtedly be solved in a few days. It is said that the agency which is most especially adapted it is the present intention to place Col. Breckinridge on the witness stand as the first and most important witness on his own behalf, That his recital will be a long one was foretold by one of his attorneys yesterday, when he said that the defendant would doubtless be on the stand three days. This attorney prophesical that the trial will continue for two weeks or more longer. That part of Washington which enjoys a sensation, and it is a large part, is anticipating eagerly the cross-examination of the silver-haired de-fendant by Attorneys Carlisle and Wilson.

Colonel Breckinridge will be made to say intensely interesting things, even more than he can possibly say for himself and against Miss Pollard. Another point to watch for friends with unsafe firearms, and Mrs. Blackourn would undoubtedly command the enthusiastic championship of an even greater number of warm-blooded Kentuckians if a word was said by Col. Breckinridge that they did not fully acquiesce in.

KICKS; BY THE KICKERS,

To the Editor of THE T 4ES: Notwithstanding the proverbial hospitality o Washingtonians, it is harder to get into house n this city than in any other city in the world. The servants are exasperatingly long in answerring twice or thrice, and a wait of five minutes on the porch is a common experience. Why do Washington householders allow such discouteous reatment of visitors? Servants should be required to respond promptly to every summons at the front door. Can't you stop this?

To the Editor of THE TIMES: Cannot something be done to improve the manners of the gas inspectors, if that is what these men are called who come around with their blue coats and brass buttons with the word "gas" on them and tell us that they will cut us we must submit to having the gas cut off if we cannot pay, but I think those fellows might be a little more polite about it. A syffering public would thank you if you could s

To the Editor of The Times:

I don't know whether you are going into by pect in THE TREES, to tight lacing on the part of the girls. There is nothing beautiful about it; those of us who have daily work at the Capin fact, it is all very ugly, and you know it presses the body all out of shape and I believe wiped his brow. "Now what I want to suggest is that the caping the control of the caping the cap causes the death sooner or later of many girls. Please take up this fight.

A Word to the Gripman. To the Editor of THE TIMES:

I wish you would go for this jerking nuisane on the cable cars. Most persons appear to think that it is a necessary evil, but it is not. Some of the gripmen will take a train from start to finish with no jerking at all, and all of them might do so if they only would. TRAVELER.

But the Poor are With Us. To the Editor of THE TIMES: You are altogether too free in your paper, too ree already with people of wealth and position. I can see that you are intending to be worse. It will be suicidal. You cannot fight the rich and

live. We will show you that you cannot. Death from Asphyxiation. Mr. Daniel Falvey, a stone mason, living at 233 K street northeast, was found dead in his bed yesterday morning from asphyxiation by illuminating gas. It is shought that the

Thought They Traveled in Pairs. Editor (having glanced at the contributor's

oke)-Where's the other? Contributor - Other? There isn't any other. Editor-Oh, I thought Noah took two of every kind into the ark. Town Topics.

Methods of the Meanest Man

Methods of the Acadesis main.

The Minot, Me., farmer who kept his hired man in a room so cold that the poor fellow's nose and ears were frozen while he slept puts in a first bid for recognition as the meanest man on earth, says the New York Recorder.

carth, says the New York Recorder.

Then comes the young man of Newton, Kan., who has deserted his best girl because she insisted that he must have \$200 in the bank before they were married.

Not far behind is the Iowa man who willed MacManigal, of the Horton, Kan., Commercial, a horse 41 years old. He isn't on earth now, but was when he made his record, and mustn't be ruled out.

One or, Louis surgeon who put in a bill for \$25,000 for performing an operation that was fatal
to a patient would feel burt if he were not mentioned. He is at least a man of promise.

A Constantine, Mich., husband, who best his
wife with a stove poker just because she insisted on learning to play on the plane, and then
repeated the offense after she had refused to
prosecute, is last but not least.

te. is last but not least CALLING THE COWS.

I don't know why, I don't know how,
But, surely, 'twas no harm at all
To stop a minute at the plow
And I', ten to her milking call:
"Co-Boss-Cof"
It sounded so
Across the yellow-tasseled corn.
Surely, the man was never born
Who would not leave his team and come
To help her drive the cattle home.

The old folk lived across the hill.

The old folk lived across the hill.
But surely, twas no harm at all
To kiss her, while the fleids were still
A-listhing to her milking call:
"Co-Bess-Co!"
It sounded so,
It made the tardy robin start,
The squirrel bent the leaves apart
To see us two a-walking down
Toward the sleepy little town.

I don't know how, I don't know why,
But, surely, 'twas no harm at all;
The stars were in the summer sky
Before the cattle reached their stall.
"Co-Boss-Co!"
It rings on so.
The moon, from off his great white shield,
Has tossed it hack into the field.
And still the whisp'ring echoes come
And follow me, a-walking home.

—Herman Rave

CLOAK ROOM AND GALLERY.

Senator Dubois, of Idaho, the stirring and ergetic chieftain of the silver forces in the nate, is siways an interesting talker in any phase or aspect of the silver question that may be under discussion. He knows the arguments of his opponents from A to Z and has his answers all ready, and good ones they are. Speaking of the Bland bill the other day Senator Dubois said he had some little hesitation in voting for it. It really did nothing for silver, as it only secured the coin-age of existing bullion in the Treasury and did not touch the main question for which he and his friends were fighting. But he did so ecause his allies believed it best to secure all the recognition for silver they could, and no opportunity should be lost.

Dubois, by the way, was the law "spoon man at Yale Coilege. That was back in '72.

In the good old days a large wooden spoon was voted to the most popular man in spoon was voted to the most popular man in the class, and Dubois being the worthy se-lected by his classmates, was honored with the appointment at that time. But it so happened that college feeling had run so high between different sections of '72 that Dubois, though a prominent man and a mem-ber of D. K. E., refused the honor. Another man was chosen, and still another, all refus-ing. From that day to this there has been no "spoon" man at Yale.

A little incident occurred at the Capitol the all apparently struck by it. It was about noon and ex-Speaker Reed, in a tour from the House to the Senate, happened to pass into the rotunda and under the dome at a moment when every one else happened to be gathered about the sides. The massive appearance of the famous Maine statesman—big in brain and body—seemed to strike every one at once, and a full score of people paused to look at him with even more than their usual in-

I ran across one of the pages in the Sen-I ran across one of the pages in the Senate at not long ago with two handsome, goldedged autograph books which belonged one to Senator Allen, of Nebraska, and the other to the new Mississippi Senator, Mr. Laurin. He told me that the "old gentlemen" were just as anxious to have a full list of the signatures of their colleagues in the chamber as the boys were. We usually improve the opportunity to get our own books filled at the same time, he said, and pointed with pride to his own smaller volume. Then two or three more of the bright little fellows gathered perhaps in his direct testimony, perhaps in He told me that the "old gentlemen" were confessions that may be wrested from his unwilling breast, is the way he speaks of Mrs. Blackburn. Mrs. Wing has relatives and tures of their colleagues in the chamber as the boys were. We usually improve the opporsame time, he said, and pointed with prote to his own smaller volume. Then two or three more of the bright little fellows gathered around with their books, and I came to the conclusion that the autograph maker would be pretty well stocked for future collectors.

Congressman Joe Walker, of Massachusetts, a hustler in politics. He lives in cozy, homelike quarters at the Shoreham, filled with books and documents for reference, for he is a close student and a discriminating investigator in the sphere of politics. He is always one of the first in his seat at the House, and he is usually about the last to take leave of the cloak rooms. Gen. Walker is soon to start on a trip West, where he will is soon to start our a true unfold to the people of those parts the great virtues of Republicanism and advise them to send some gentlemen of that persuasion to fill up the present scanty representation on his side of the House. On the 23d he speaks in St. Louis, where the opinions of Messrs. Vest and Bland have great weight. Needless to say, Gen. Walker will make it hot for the

A frequent visitor to the Capitol who was panting hard after a hurried climb up the Capitol steps came to me the other day with a suggestion. "Every time I come here," he said, "I find a lot of people like myself rushing up these steps in a way that suggests death from heart disease. As to the pilgrims from the outside world, of course they want to gest is that a tunnel be run from the Peace monument right under the terrace to some point below the great structure and an ele-vator be put in to carry us up. And I thought

it was not so had a suggestion, Hop, Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, is one of the Hon. Bellamy Storer, of Ohio, is one of the able thinkers of the House, who, unlike most I was saving. That made us careful. Well, as I was saving, this gray mule gave me more routine work of Congress to take a live interest in our foreign and trade relations. est in our foreign and trade relations.
Just at present Mr. Stover is making a special
study of the Nicaragua canal question, and
when that matter comes up he will have a
good deal to say about it that has not been said before. The Bluefleids incident brings said before. The Bluefields incident brings this issue nearer to the people than any event for some time, and may have an influence in directing public senttiment more forcibly to the question of the propriety of pushing the canal project.

Why Young Men Sin.

"Sin is a matter of short-sightedness, of blindness," was the opening declaration in Rev. John J. Muir's discourse on "Shortsighted Young Men" last evening at the death was accidental, as the door was not young Men's Christian Association. "I pity closed and the gas but partially turned on. the young man who is short-sighted in business affairs, and have the deepest commiscrasseveral grown children. Young Men's Christian Association. "I pity ness affairs, and have the deepest commiseration for one who is so in respect to the world
to come. There is a great big world that
touches a young man on all sides of his
nature. The men that have been grand and
true and noble have had visions of the advantages of this world and that which is beyond
as far as human conception could embrace.
At the conclusion of the discourse Rev. Frank
M. Goodchild, of Philadelphia, briefly addressed the meeting. dressed the meeting.

Hears Her Dear One's Voice. Every day Mme. Caive talks for an hour to her betrothed. Henri Cain, the Parisian painter, who responds in kind. They vowed to do this, and the singer earries her phonograph about with her in her carriage, "I would advise all long distance lovers to follow my example," she says. "It is such a comfort to hear your dear one's voice."

Over the Graves of the Boys in Gray. General orders No. 5, issued Saturday from the National G. A. R. headquarters at Lynn, approves the plan for the distribution of flags to be placed over the graves of soldiers in Southern cemeteries on Decoration Day, and urges departments and posts to support the movement for the erection of a monment in Washington in honor of the rank and file of the G. A. R.

Midnight Chat at Chamberlin's.

The blood shed in the recent Cody-May duel has finally been cleansed out of the hall carpets. Watter French, file clerk of the House, is be-lieved to have made \$350 in the late rise in Col. Tom Ochilitree and his usual batch of incient European tales are expected before

many moons. Charley Cramp, the Philadelphia shipbuilder, frequently runs over from his usual stopping place, the Arlington, to enjoy a bottle of ale and a rarebit Major O'Brien Moore, who knows Lord Rose

bery so well, and who lives only across the way at the Normandie, delights to talk of his dis-tinguished friend, the prime minister. Senator Quay, an irregular habitue, did not open his house this winter. He and his son pick and Senators Cameron, Brice, and Jones, of Nevada, kept buchelor's hall at 1906 H street. Senator Mitchell works hard and long, frequently late into the night, in his office on the third floor front. He is one of the most approachable of the grave and reverend seignors. Proachable of the grave and re-Not long ago a member of Congress declared at one of the tables that he had arranged for at

CORRIDOR AND CURB.

"Oh, Tennessee is now and will always remain Democratic," said R. J. Gage, of Nashville, at the Normandie last night, "But we are getting tired of this adminis mighty tired. We are a patient people, however. As an illustration of this see how long we have borne with McDowell and his third party ideas. Cleveland has disgusted the party leaders. He aims to do right and act democratic, perhaps, but he isn't do it. The democratic, perhaps, but he isn't do it. The trouble with him is that he thinks the western boundary of the United States ends at Buffalo and that when he was elected President he was delegated with supreme legislative, judicial, and executive authority. The Tennessee ple has not been given to the real party leaders—those who did the hard fighting for him before and during the Chicago convention. To the conwho did the hard lighting for him before and during the Chicago convention. To the con-trary, he has ignored them. The old torch-light procession crowd are feeling sore, and are, among themselves, exhibiting their lacerated and bleeding wounds, crying: 'We've been bit; we've been bit.' The situ-ation reminds me of an old farmer friend of spoon was voted to the most popular man in the class, and Dubois being the worthy selected by his classmates, was honored with the appointment at that time. But it so happened that college feeling had run so high between different sections of '72 that Dubois, though a prominent man and a member of D. K. E., refused the honor. Another man was chosen, and still another, all refusing. From that day to this there has been no "spoon" man at Yale.

The Idaho Senator had a brother in the same class, who was a very popular fellow and filled the much-coveted post of custos of D. K. E. The two brothers have both been successful, but Fred, perhaps, the more so. About commencement time his figure is usually a familiar one around the old university town, where he comes to see his classes about his time. He knows lots of men in the later classes, too, and as a Yale man is second to none for his interest and his large acquaintance.

A little incident occurred at the Capitol the other day which perhaps passed unnotified.

The old man got very mad and drode into the village near by, crying at the top of his voice, other day which perhaps passed unnotified.

The bit we've been bit: we've been bit: The situation reminds me of an old farmer friend of mine who is nicknamed Flinders. Flinders bound a sawmill. One day his saws were continually getting out of plumb, and, as the old man's temper was not very easily kept in control, he frequently shocked his neighbors owed a sawmill. One day his saws were continually getting out of plumb, and, as the old man's temper was not very easily kept in control, he frequently shocked his neighbors owed a sawmill. One day his saws were continually getting out of plumb, and, as the old man's temper was not very easily kept in control, he frequently shocked his neighbors owed a sawmill. One day his saws were continually getting out of plumb, and as he old man's temper was not very easily kept in control, he frequently shocked his neighbors owed a sawmill. One day his saws were continually getting o

A little incident occurred at the Capitol the village near by, crying at the top of his voice, other day which perhaps passed unnoticed 'I'm bit, by hokey; bit, and bit bad; dog bit, to more than a score of people, but they were and by a donkey at that!"

W. A. Battaile, of Alexandria, Va., was chatting with some friends at the Randall vesterday.

"Know what I am going to do?" said he. Start a cricket farm near Alexandria; that's what. Fish will bite a cricket quicker in anything else I know of. They love 'em like a Republican loves office. Fishermen know this, too. They pay big prices to get 'em, but they can't get many. How many men do you suppose would go fishing around Washington if they had crickets for bait?

Bundreds. Yes, thousands. I'm just going to wall me in a big nices of ground stop up

"Dinsmore," said Congressman E. J. Brookshire, of Indiana, to his friend from Arkansas, at the Metropolitan last night, 'Crisp is a big fellow, ain't he? Makes a fine Speaker, and will hold his seat in the big chair as long as he is a Representative and the Democrats control the House. Eh?"
"That's whatever," said Mr. Dinsmore,
"He is the only man we've got for the place."

Wallace McLaurin of Jackson, Miss., execeiver of public moneys of his state and a brother to Senator McLaurin, is stopping at the Belvedere. Wallace has a very large foot. He also has a friend named James T. Coleman, and this friend hamed James I, Con-man, and this friend is very proud because a number four boot is just his size.

"Wallace," said Coleman yesterday, "I see you've got a good understanding."

"Beterring to my feet, are you" replied McLaurin "Well, a race-horse man in Ken-

"Referring to my teet, are you remain in KenMcLaurin "Well, a race-horse man in Kentucky said the same thing to me some years
ago. 'Yes,' I replied to him, 'you've told the
trath. You are a breeder of fine horses, are
you? He was and said so.

"'And is it not a fact,' I continued, 'that
all fine blooded horses have large feet?' He

Color and Health.

Prof. Charles E. Munroe, the well-known 'And is it not a further fact,' said I, that all jackasses have small feet?"
Coleman looked down at the ground, but he didn't laugh. Not Coleman, but about a dozen others who heard the story did,

climb slowly up the steps. It is their Mecca. "When I was running an engine out in and like the pligrim to Kune they would feel Mizzouri." said Will W. Watkins, an engineer terday. "I was terribly bothered for some tir with a gray mule. The mule would get on the track just ahead of my engine at the same time and place every other day. I would whistle and whistle, but he wouldn't move until the engine would almost stop, and then he would walk off as unconcernedly as

anything you ever saw."
"You see we had strict orders not to kill stock; if we did when we could have avoided it by stopping the engine, why, we had to pay for it. That made us careful. Well, as open and the engine struck him going fifty miles an hour. I thought sure I had killed him, and so reported it to the superintendent. Imagine my surprise on my return trip to find that mule standing right there at his old that he was dead before he rolled down the embankment, but he wasn't. He was there again on my following run. You know what I did then? Why I struck him so hard that

COLD WATER CONGRESSMEN.

Sixtieth Anniversary of the Congres

sional Temperance Society.
The sixtieth anniversary of the Congre ional Temperance Society was celebrated by a public platform meeting at the Metropolitan M. E. church last night. Hon. Nelson Dingley, president of the society, presided, and

made a brief address.

The Rev. Fred. D. Power, of the Garfield Memorial church, the secretary of the society, submitted his annual report. He outlined the progress that had been made in the cause of temperance in the United States and Canada during the year. Mr. Power made some reference to the first state dinner at the into the phonograph and dispatches the strip | White House this year, at which time, he said, each of the forty guests had six wine glasses before him, while Mrs. Cleveland had nothing but water glasses beside her plate. He praised Mrs. Cleveland for this. Addresses were made by Representa Johnson, of North Dakota; Ellis, of Ore Morse, of Massachusetts, and Pickler, South Dakota, and Mr. Elliott, of Maine. telegram of congratulation was authorized to be sent to Hon. Neal Dow, the veteran temperance advocate, who will shortly cele-brate the 90th anniversary of his birth.

Gladstone, in the Phonograph. It is self-help that makes the man, and man-making is the aim which the Almighty has everywhere impressed upon creation. It is thrift by which self-help for the masses dependthrift by which self-help for the masses depend-ent upon labor is principally made effective. For them thrift is the symbol and the instru-ment of independence and of liberty, indispen-sable condit one of all permanent human good-ness. But thrift is also the mother of wealth, and here comes the danger into view, for wealth is the mother of temptation and leads many of its possessors into a new form of slavery more subtle and not less debasing than the old. From this slavery may all lands, and especially all lands of the English tongue, hold themselves for-ever free.

Lizzie Jones, Mary Ross, and Lizzie Harris, bree colored girls, attempted to escape from the Reform School yesterday afternoon. They had gone but a short distance when they were overlaken by the superintendent and returned to the institution.

To Dance in a Good Cause. The Southern Relief Society, of which Mrs. Heath is president, with Mrs. Catchings, of Mississippi, and Mrs. Clifton R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas, vice presidents, will give a charity ball on the 28th of the present month for the benefit of the needy under its care. The affair promises to be a most succ

one, as the ladies of the society have gone to one, as the ladies of the society have gone to work with their usual energy and generosity. Among the notable non-residents who will be present are Gov. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, and staff, Gov. Brown, of Maryland, and staff, and probably Gov. McCorkle, of West Virginia. The executive comnittee, with Mrs. J. T. Callahan as chairman, assisted by Mrs. M. S. Thompson, Mrs. W. D. Peachy, Miss Fannie Weeks, and others, is a most efficient one, and is leaving nothing undone that will contribute to the success of the ball. The patronesses are Mrs. Vice President Stevenson, Mrs. Carlisle, Mrs. Hoke Smith, and numerous others, whose influence is always

THE THEATER LOUNGER.

This story of Steele Mackage has never een told before. He and his wife went to Concord, N. C., on one occasion several years ago under an assumed name in order to se-cure quiet and time to write a book. For several weeks they were known as Mr. and Mrs. Morrison. A shrewd countryman, with a Sherlock Holmes tendency, detected something peculiar about them, and ferreted out their secret. In the mean time the genial couple had become very popular. When the self-constituted detective exposed them they took it good naturedly and confessed fully. This did not diminish their popularity. To prove it, a few years later, when Mrs. Steele Mackaye appeared on the stage in Charlotte, special trains were run from Concord every night, and her old friends gave her a nightly ovnation. She is liked there as well as any-where else in the world, which is a strong

Mr. Herbert Pattee, a talented young Shakes earean actor, playing leading parts in Walker Whiteside's company, is at his home in this city for the week while the company is taking a week's rest at Baltimore. Next Sunday he will join his company at Pittsburg for a tour of the Western and Middle States. Mr. Pattee of the Western and Middle States, Mr. Pattee is an able and energetic young Thespian, and he will earry the good wishes of numerous Washington friends and associates with him. He appears in "Hamlet," "Richard III," "Richelieu," "Merchant of Venice," and "Othelio."

The chorus girls of the D'Ovly Carte Opera Company have been allowed to land in New York. The company arrived yesterday on the Cunard liner Campania. There had been considerable discussion over the question of whether the chorus girls were "artists" under the acceptance of the term in the alien labor law. The Chorus Singers' Association have contended that the girls are only laborers, and that it would be an imposition on the 2,000 or more unemployed singers in New York city to allow them to land. Commissioner McSweeny, according to dispatches last night, said that according to law they were artists, as they had performed at the Savoy theater, London. The company is to perform Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, "Utopia Limited," in New York on March 26. On the voyage over they gave a concert for the benefit of the Seamen's Orphanage, of London, and the Home for Destitute Children, Staten Island, N. Y. Chorus Singers' Association bave Staten Island, N. Y.

Dispatches received last night from Chiearo state that Bill Nye has decided to stop lecturing. He said to a newspaper man yesterday: "The fact is, I cannot keep up my writing and lecturing. The work is too hard; and then my family, for whom I toil, are anxious to see more of me. I shall close my platform career in a few weeks and go home in the mountains of North Carolina in time to gather my strawberry erop on my model farm. I call it a model farm because it costs me three times as much to run it as I get out of it, and I understand from competent agri-cultural sources that is what constitutes a

The Carroll Institute Dramatic Club, which made such a stronge impression on its first appearance several weeks ago at the institute hail, is arranging another programme for an early date, which it is expected will be even more enjoyable than their initial perform-ance. The cast will be made up of virtually

chemist, who is at the head of the Corcoran Scientific School in this city, will lecture at night at 8,15 o'clock on "Color in Its Relation to Health." This is one of a course of lec-tures arranged by the Sanitary League, and is free to the public. It promises to be of more than ordinary interest.

THE TIMES unquestionably caught the town. Push it harder to-morrow every-

LOWER HOUSE NOTES.

Binger Hermann personally knows every-Hon, Marcus C. Lisle, of Winchester, Ky., is no relative of Annie. Hop. Charles Auroraborealis Boutelle, of

Maine has a new silk tile Hon. John M. Claney, of Brooklyn, would like to have somebody tell him what he is here for. Congressman Conn, of Indians, manufac-

tures band instruments, but he can not play the trombone at all. Gresham, of Texas, is thought by some to resemble the Secretary of State, but he doesn't feel like him, he says.

Congressman Hall, of Missouri, is still cates of the income tax.

Congressman Babcock, of Wisconsin, takes hold of the Republican Congressional Commit-tee work like a veteran. It is expected by his enemies that Hon hamp Clark, of Missouri, is liable to break hamp Clark, of Missouri, is liable to break sose again at any moment.

Representative, wears nippers. They give him a very cultivated appearance. Dr. William Everett is still a bachelor, living at the Albany unmolested. He despises newspapers. His feelings almost extends to ewspaper men.

Joseph H. O'Neil, the hustling South Boston

Hon, Jonathan P. Dolliver, the brilliant young Hawkeye orator, owns an immense farm in his adopted state. He was once a pupil of Prof. William L. Wilson, of West Hon. Wm. Bourke Cockran, heavy as he is

frequently ambles gracefully from the Capitol to his fine residence, formerly the stamping ground of Secretary and Mrs. Bobeson, at Sixteenth and 0 streets. Mr. Caldwell, of Onio, doesn't yet seem much disturbed by the prospect that Major Butterworth will run against him for mayor of Cincinnati. Major Butterworth is at present very much occupied with the defense in the Breckinridge trial.

THE TIMES went everywhere yesterday. Il over Capitol Hill, all over the West End all over East, West, and South Washington Complain to the general manager if it did

not reach you. POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT PERSONALS. The girls along the Seventh street corridor

are as bright, pleasant, and nice looking as It is universally admitted that Axman Maxwell takes unerring aim without half

Supt. Machen, of the free delivery service, is distinguished for ferreting out anything wicked that is going on. Alexander Grant used to go barefoot with

Major Bailey, who attends to the railway nail business for Dudley & Michener, is one of the best posted ex-veterans of the service It is expected that Second Assistant Post-master General, J. Lowrie Bell, a hold-over Republican, will stay the present adminisration out.

Hodge, who used to be Postmaster General Wanamaker's haekman, is now a watehman on the E street side. He is an Englishman with Galloway whiskers.

Parson Brownlow's son, Col. John B. Brownlow, is reading a file of his father's paper for historic incidents in the career of that remarkable Tennesseean.

Capt. Leibhart, lately superintendent of the free delivery, is now secretary of the Columbia Land and Investment Company, with offices in Mayne & Company's bank.

BETWEEN YOU AND ME.

Ex-Governor Oliver Ames, of Massachu setts, was recently at the Riggs House. He is out of politics entirely, he says, but he is very much in business, a manufacturer shovels and a large owner of sugar plants tions in Louisiana, and bence very much interested in the tariff. Oliver Ames is one of the famous Ameses of Easton, the greatest shovel makers in the world and the son of the Congressman Oakes Ames, who was mixed up in the Credit Mobilier. It was believed in the Bay State for a long time that Oilver Ames would never rest and never onver Ames would never rest and never spare any single one of his many millions until he had come to Congress in one branch or the other to cause to be wiped out the resolution of censure against his father. He seems to have forsaken the notion, however, though three or four years ago, just at the close of his gubernatorial career, it was feared by Mr. Hoer and others that Mr. Ames would street try to or to the Senate.

surely try to go to the Senat

Workmen, I notice, are cleansing the white stone trimmings of the great Richmond and Danville building at Thirteenth and the Ave nue, or whitening up, rather, the dusty trimmings of the old part of the building. I recall the time when William Murtagh and his very lively Republican newspaper occu-pled these quarters. Mr. Murtagh told me once that he made his great mistake when he declined to accept Gen. Grant's offer of a first-class foreign mission. He could have sold the Republican for \$300,000 then. But he held on to it and built his immense buildhe held on to it and built his immense build-ing, and before long the load grew heavy and he had to lay it down. This gentleman is living at the National very quietly, but he has never lost his interest in newspapers. He is a great believer in The Times.

The manager of the Arlington Hotel, Frank Sennett, and the two cierks, Messrs, Birney and Ross, are counted three of the handsomest hotel men in Washington. They all earn fabulous salaries also, which they earn monious sanaries also, which they invest, not in those iridescent Robinoors so
common among ordinary hotel clerks, but
rather in the fugacious stock, sometimes successfully, sometimes, I regret, unsuccessfully,
Each of these gentlemen is capable of managing a hotel of his own. Probably each will
own one some day. Mr. Ross has never discovered his long lost Charley.

I met John Seager, the handsome private secretary of Mr. Lamont, in the Arlington lobby the other night. He is a smooth gentleman, as his chief is reported to be, and with his political experience in business he mixes in a most delightful newly wedded life, as it was said, just around the corner on I street. Mr. Seager is attached also to the fortunes of William C. Whitney, and it is be-lieved that he, too, invests in the fungacious stock, and almost always with success. Mr. stock, and almost always with success. Mr. Seager is very popular at the War Department, even among the most ferociously brave of the Army officers.

"I tell you," said one of the clerks at the National last night, "we do miss Dennis Flynn down here. He used to be with us, you know, the delegate from Oklahoma. A delegate only, I believe he is, but he ought to be a full-fledged member or a Senator even, as perhaps he will be if Oklahoma becomes a state. He had his wife and baby here, and state. He had his wife and buby here, and they are lovely people you may be sure. People of importance used to come to see Mr. Flynn every day, and be must have had a great deal of influence, especially out West, He is housekeeping on Capitol Hill now, I

Miss Kate Field lives at the Shoreham, and the most easual visitor there may notice her circulating among the guests, distributing tickets for her lectures, if people want them, and distributing her Washington also, if people want it. She manages the affairs of this journal and of those literary and social affairs with great business acumen and force. It is said that she doesn't expect that her Washsaid that she doesn't expect that her Washington will please the men, nor does she want it to please the women, and as for her leatures, she seems to talk out more plainly about the wiekedness and weakness of Senators and members if they are present than if they were a mile away, and consequently beyond the reach of her voice. Miss Field is a cousin of George Riddle, the reader, and recently when that gentleman was here with one of his evenings Kate Field's Washington declared that he was the finest readers to be found anywhere. Miss Field respects herself very much. She charges \$100 if anybody wants her to lecture in Washington, and she probably makes far more than that when

men. It contains market reports and all the financial and business news.



WINNER. The SPALDING BICYCLE, coming into the market now, after years of experimenting has proved what's good and what's bad in BICYCLES. combines all the best points of the high-grade wheels, with the many im-

provements only to be found in The Spalding. The strongest frame on the market. Weighs 27 pounds. Best clincher

tires on metal rims,or The "Spalding" tires on wood or metal rims. Every Point equally fine. Price, \$125.00. You ought to see it.

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One hundred Sailor Suits, sizes years, in blue and gray flannels, or ranted. Hegular price, \$1.50. Easter Price, \$1.19. Three hundred Suits, eight designs, sizes

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